THE True Explanation OF THE HUMOURS OF THE Cheating Age,

OR,

A brief Account of the behaviour of the Town Miſſes, Pluchimin Landlords, Quack-Doctors, Intruding of petty fogging Lawyers, Cheats of Bom-Baliffs, the Gin-Shop chat, the Tea-Table chat.

A Serious and Diverting Dialogue between Tom ſtitch the Taylor's Wife, and Sir John crack Finger the halfpenny Barber's Wife.

With many other Comical and Pleaſant Paſſages worthy of Note.

(No. 112.)

Dublin: Printed and Sold by the Hawkers.

FIRST, it gives an account of the behaviour of those *Town Misses*, when they get a two-pence halfpenny Pinner, or a threepenny pair of Stockings, a threepenny pair of red heel'd Shoes, and a wide farthing gale in their tail as large as a coach wheel, then they trip it over *Essex-Bridge* as nimble as a Bee does out of a bush of a Summer's morning, a poor Man coming from the *North*, having got thirty or forty Pounds in his pocket, seeing one of those vile wretches going before him, says, she has got a very handsome foot, she is very well shap'd with all, O! if she could fancy me my fortune would be made, she hearing him say these words, looks over her right shoulder with a smile, and over her left with a laugh, and says to him, sir, will you give us any thing, he answers yes madam, if I had no more in the world, then she takes him into a Brandy Shop, where the Landlord he leaves them together, this vile Jade draws out a bottle of Spirits enough to knock the Devil down much more a Man, then she pick'd his pocket of all the money he had, comes down to the Landlord saying, I have met with a brave cull to-day, here's five pounds civil Money for you, that's well done my girl says the Landlord, I'll take care of him; he steps up Stairs to him, and finding him asleep, he says to him, sir, where is your company, Lack a day! says he, dont you know where she is, why says the Landlord is she not

your Spouſe, no ſir ſays the other, but a Woman I met on *Eſſex-Bridge*, why ſaid the Landlord you vile Villain what brought you and ſhe to my houſe, was it to make a Bawdy-Houſe of it, come pay me my reckoning and be gone, but he putting his hand in his pocket finding it pick'd, roars out like a town-bull Oh! ſhe has pick'd my pocket of all the money I had, the devil mend you ſarrah ſays the Landlord if ſhe had pick'd the brains out of your ſcull, what brought you and ſhe to my Houſe, he was preſently brought down to a law Seller, ſtrip'd of his clothes, turn'd out of doors, to beg he was aſhamed and to work he knew not how, but being taken in among a company of thieves, he was preſently uſher'd to the three cup tavern, which they generally call Newgate, and being for ſome time there, he comes up in a cart to *Stephen's Green*, there ty'd up to hard Mate with Johnſton's Ribbon, and of twenty Men dying they all ſaid it was idle Women brought them to that end, ſhure theſe vile wretches ought to be hang'd up with them for company.

The following is an Account of thoſe Fiſh-Mongers, Herb-Women, and Potatoe-Women, when they meet together upon Ormond-Quay of a Morning.

SAYS one, Molly what will you give us, a dram ſays Molly, come Nelly what will

you give us, a dram ſays Nelly, come Peggy will you give us a dram, yes, what dram will you drink, Brandy ſays one, I think a dram of Anniſeed water is better ſays another, ſays another Whiſky is better, with that they fell to it and drank till they p—d under them, ſays one I am happy that ever I came to the *City* of *Dublin*, for my fortune is made, ſays another if my Father had liv'd I would be brought up to good Education, ſays another if my Mother had liv'd I would be brought up at a Boarding-School, why d— your ſ— ſays another, what was your Mother but an old B—y-houſe keeper that ſold Sputeraugh on *Lazer's-Hill*, ſays another what was your Father but a Conſtable, and what was your Father but a bom Baliff, gallows Paul that was hang'd at the Weaver's-Square, then they fell a fighting and ſcratching, giving one another a black Eye or two, then they go to the Crown-Office, makes their Application, and binds one another over to the Quarter Seſſions, one at the Tholſel one day, and another another day, then they go to a Lawyer and gives him his fee, and once he got it into the bottom of his Pocket, he did not care if the devil had the Plantiff and the Defendant, one meeting her Lawyer one day ſhe ſays to him, ſir, I think you don't appear in Court for me to day, why ſays he, madam, have you got any more Money, no ſays ſhe, I have got no more money than what I have gi-

ven you; why ſays he, what a parcel of ſcrub Sheep are you, that has got no wool to pluck off your backs, the beſt advice I can give you, is to go home and make it up.

The following is an Account of thoſe ſecond hand Quality, ſuch as Snuff Takers, and Tea Drinkers, when their Goſſips comes to ſee them.

PRAY how does Maſter *Tom*, Maſter *Richard*, and Maſter *William* do, your Father and Mother, very well Madam at your ſervice, come *Jenny* put on the Tea kettle, waſh the Cups and Saucers, ſpread the bread and butter, if we are poor, dont let us ſeem poor now that our friends are come to ſee us, but the poor unfortunate girl, ſpread the butter ſo thick that a Plowman might eat it, let alone the ſecond hand Quality, for they have got no more mouth then the Devil, the Miſtreſs comes down to the Kitchen and ſees the butter ſpread ſo thick, ſays, you impudent Jade how can you ſerve me after this manner, then ups with the Hand that has two or three of the braſs Rings on, gives her a ſtroke which knocks two of the girl's Teeth out, lack a day Madam, ſays the girl, you have ruin'd me, the Devil help you, you B— ſays ſhe, I will learn you manners againſt another time, then ſhe ſtares furiouſly as if ſhe had got the Devil in her Eyes, ſays one, pray Madam what is the matter,

matter enough says she, I protest my girl is enough to ruin me, pray Madam says the other, take a pinch of Snuff, indeed says she this is the best Snuff in the City, pray Madam would you do me the favour to send me Half an Ounce of it in the Morning, and I will be for ever oblig'd to you, then sits down, tells as many lies over the first dish of Tea, as a parcel of good Fellows wou'd over seventy Barrels of strong beer.

The following is an Account of the People that love sir John Barley Corn, which are Taylors, Weavers, Cobblers, Tinkers, Sweep Chimneys, Ballad Singers and their Wives.

COMES to Mr. *Busybody's* House the Landlord, with a broad Back and big Belly, & a Tongue as smooth as oil to flatter his guests, quickly drawing them a Mug of Ale, drinking to them that they should not discover his bad Meature, says he, Gentlemen, if you walk this way to-morrow in the Evening, you shall have a bit to eat, but the devil a bit they'll get for all that, when meeting on *Sunday* in the afternoon, they conclude to spend their pence, and coming to Mr. *Busybody's* House, the Landlord he makes a fine scrape and a bow, and says, your welcome Gentlemen, my dear says he to his Wife, have you got ever a bit of cold Meat to make these Gentlemen eat, O dear

ſh ſays ſhe, what will become of me, I declare the very laſt bit I had in the Houſe, I have juſt now given it away to the laſt company, up ſtarts one, and he pays the Reckoning, the Landlord ſays you are kindly welcome Gentlemen, ſo they all bid adieu to their obliging Landlord except the Cobler, whoſe Wife coming in, cries out you vile villian, you had more need to have been at home with your poor Children, than ſpending your money at this rate. Devil take her but ſhe would pay him, while ever a ſcrap of the Sturrup would laſt in her hand, dear Wife ſays the Cobler, dont expoſe me at this rate, why you dog ſays ſhe, I can't expoſe you bad enough, for you got a Shilling from *Nell* in *Barrack-Street*, you have ſpent it upon her, and kiſs'd her into the bargain, you ſtinking b— of a W— ſince you expoſe me I'll expoſe you, you dog ſays ſhe it never was in your power to expoſe me, you lie you w— ſays he, for I was looking thro the Key-hole, laſt *Friday* Morning, and I ſeen the Taylor— you dog ſaid ſhe if you had ſtay'd at home, it's well known I need not hire a Journeyman in your place; pray Landlord ſays the Cobler draw us one Mug of Ale, get out of my houſe you troubleſome Raſcal ſays the Landlord, but the Cobler drawing out a Shilling, ſhows it to him, he runs down ſtairs ready to break his neck, brings up two Mugs, the one full and

the other empty, my dear ſays he to his wife, have you got ever a bit of Meat to make this Fellow eat, he has got a Shilling, then ſhe brings out the Reliques of a Leg of Mutton, lays it down before him, the Cobler he calls out, Landlord what is to pay, fourpence halfpenny ſir, ſays the Landlord, fourpence for drink, a halfpenny for bread, and I charge you nothing for Meat, I think not ſays the Cobler drunk as he was, I had but the one Mug, pay it ſays Mr. *Buſybody*, and make no farther diſpute, ſir I will give you my Mug, but the devil a farthing it coſt him, becauſe he made the Man pay for the empty one; the Cobler ſays 'tis a pity to take the Landlord's Mug, at laſt Mr. *Buſybody* flatters him out of his ſhilling, which left him never a penny a Monday morning to buy wax, Leather or Thread, for he might as well go to the devil, as get one penny from Mr. *Buſybody* the Landlord.

IN comes the Taylor's Wife, and Sir John crack Finger the halfpenny Barber's Wife, the Taylor's Wife with her calico Mantle, but well patch'd with many Pieces of her Huſband's Cabbage, the halfpenny Barber's Wife with her India Gown, bought at the pawn Broker's in Plunket-Street ſecond hand, and none ſo great as they; the one aſk'd the other what would ſhe drink, a diſh of Tea replied the other, a Dram of Gin is better in my opinion then all Tea in Ireland, 'tis true ſays the halfpenny Barber's Wife, but then 'tis as good to be out of the World as out of the Faſhion, with that they fell to it and drank till they p—'d under them, but was as mad after for a Dram as before.

FINIS.